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Wm Bronscombe 30 Dec

A Land of Stilts.

(The 'Cottager and Artizan.')

A strange district is that of the Landes, in the south-west of France, though some of its most picturesque features are dying out, as is the case everywhere. In this region a great battle has been waged between the forces of nature and the will of man, in which the latter, though often checked, is winning the day.

Hundreds of years ago, this district of the Landes was a flourishing one. Prosperous towns and villages covered it, and forests of pine trees, stretching probably along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, protected the sandy plains from the sea, while their roots helped to bind the soil together. But whether set on fire during the long wars which raged, or used wastefully as timber by the people, it is certain that the forests disappeared completely, and with their disappearance the face of the country changed entirely.

The sand of which the surface of the soil was composed, and which was constantly being cast up by the sea in vast quantities, no longer held together by the roots of living trees, became the sport of every wind that blew. A sand-hill would suddenly rise out of the plain, and the next storm might lift it to another spot, leagues away, or scatter it broadcast. The sand was drifted just like fine snow in a north-east gale, and as the wind blew from different directions, the land was being constantly changed. Nothing could have been more strange and fantastic; the country for many miles inland became a desert.

One man, however, set himself to see if this once flourishing country could not be reclaimed. This was Brémontier, a civil engineer, who in 1787 wrote a pamphlet showing how the barrier might be restored, and the shifting dunes fixed by sowing pines. The difficulty was to make the young plants take root in such a soil; but by dogged perseverance this was by degrees accomplished, and dune after dune fixed.

Since then the pine forests have not only covered the chains of the dunes which run parallel to the coast, but have spread far inland over immense tracts of level land, where great flocks of sheep were formerly tended by roaming shepherds on stilts.

The same mode of life still continues in places, but it is the exception now to find an open plain where sheep are browsing knee-deep in heather; the Landais shepherd, perched upon his high stilts, watching his flock as he knits, and looking like a fantastic giant against the sky.

The people of the Landes were obliged to take to stilts on account of the condition of the soil, though as this changes the use of stilts is dying out, and will, no doubt, in time quite disappear.

In the first place there is the sand, into which the feet sink up to the ankles. Stilts also sink into it, though they end in round knobs, or have the hoofs of animals fastened to them, to prevent this; but a man so mounted has great power over his legs.

Then the marshes have to be reckoned with. These used to be very extensive, and were the cause of much sickness. It may seem strange that such a sandy soil should become marshy, but the explanation is simple. The sand has caked together at some distance below the surface into a kind of stone, through which no water can pass. The rains of winter, being thus unable to drain away, collect in the hollows between the dunes, forming lakes and marshes, the latter being mostly covered with herbage in summer.

A LANDAIS SHEPHERD.

Thither the shepherd takes his flock, stepping with his stilts from tuft to tuft of firmly fixed heather, and leading his sheep where the ground is safest and the herbage most abundant. Large tracts of this wild region are completely overgrown with furze, and here the use of stilts comes in again, for one would have to be encased in leather in order to walk through such a prickly wilderness.

Moreover, these long wooden legs, which lift a man four or five feet above the ground, make long distances short to the Landais peasant, for while he is leisurely stepping, another person with only his natural legs to rely upon would have to run in order to keep up with him. Let the stiltman quicken his movement, and the other would soon be left far behind.

The rural postmen—there is a postal service even in the Landes—often go on stilts, especially in winter, when so much of the flat country is under water. Stepping through the water in this way the Landais, covered with his sheep's or goat's skin, when seen from a distance, looks exceedingly like a giant flamingo, The resemblance would be quite startling if his legs were red.

It is needless to say that the ease with which the Landais travels upon stilts, and dances on them when in a festive mood, can only be gained by long practice. He learnt the art in childhood, almost as soon as he felt quite firm upon the legs that nature had given him. The shepherds, who have used stilts all their lives, would feel like fish out of water if they were to follow their sheep on foot.

When the Landais shepherd or herdsman starts off for the day, or, as it sometimes happens in summer, for two or three days, he carries a wallet containing food, chiefly bread —very dark from the quantity of rye that is in it—and a gourd filled with water. These are slung at his side. A gun is often strapped to his back; or in rainy weather a great blue cotton umbrella, such as most people have seen in the rural parts of England.

When he has mounted his stilts by the side of his hut, and has strapped them to his legs,

his wife hands him the wallet and gourd, and, if the weather be very wintry, a long brown cloak of homespun. Then he is prepared for a long run if necessary.

No peasantry are more free from vice than those of the Landes. They really seem to live in the simplicity and peace of the time of the patriarchs. Every man trusts his neighbor and respects his rights. The horror of theft and violence is so strong in the people that police and magistrates might be almost dispensed with throughout their sandy, solemn country.

Music is their chief pastime, and it is charming to listen to the Landais peasants singing in chorus at nightfall in some village, when the flocks and herds have been brought home.

A New Brunswick Hero.

(Mrs. D. M. McLean, in the 'Silver Link.')

It was the noontide hour, and a day on which the very elements seemed at war with each other; and the usual tranquil waters of Courtenay Bay, a lovely body of water winding around the eastern end of the city, were so angry a mass of foaming billows that those who had seen many tides come and go never had seen the water so storm-tossed.

A young man of eighteen summers was hurrying back to his work; and, as he neared the shore, there arose a cry of distress, for a lad playing beside that maddened flood was borne away by one fierce blast upon its waves, then rolling mountains high. A brave heart beat in the bosom of the approaching young man; for, though of tender years, had he not on previous occasions snatched from a watery grave more than one that had gone beyond his depth in these waters?

With the agility of youth, and a staunch, strong nature he fled to the workshop near by, almost immediately appearing with a life-buoy, to which was attached a coil of rope. Slipping the buoy over his head, and entrusting to the care of those on shore the life-line, noble Frederick Young plunged into those raging waters, while the hundreds that had gathered on the shore stood awe-stricken, and almost breathless, as they anxiously watched the brave boy fighting his way through the mad breakers with apparently superhuman effort, now borne on the crest of the tempest-tossed waves, and again disappearing beneath their treacherous depths.

Ah! he has reached the lad, and his glad shout of joy is re-echoed by the excited hundreds on the shore, and as he triumphantly raises the drowning child above his head, that all might know of the rescue, with a voice that rose loud and clear above the roar of wind and wave he shouts, 'Now you may haul us in, boys; haul us in.' Alas, alas! the rope attached to the life-buoy was too short, and just as another coil of rope was at hand, in a manner never explained, the lifeline slipped away, and heroic Fred Young was left to the mercy of the surging billows, with the precious burden in his arms.

All human efforts proved unavailing. Boat after boat was launched, but was as quickly dashed to pieces. Men tied ropes around their bodies, and tried to reach him, but all in vain. After battling with the infuriated waves for an hour, Fred Young was seen to raise his eyes heavenward, and throw up his hands, after having been obliged to drop the child. The life-buoy floated away, and all that was mortal of the brave young man disappeared for the last time beneath the troubled waters of Courtenay Bay.

A sad crowd wended its way homeward, men wondering why they could not have found some means of rescue; mothers, with swelling hearts, thinking of their own boys, some of whom were being engulfed in a vortex more terrible than the one on which they had just looked, one that would ere long destroy both body and soul.

While it is common to speak only good of the dead, much that was good could be said of our hero in life. When but seven months old he lost his mother, but was tenderly cared for by two aunts and an uncle, who never knew him to shirk any duty. When but a lad, he joined temperance organizations and the Y. M. C. A., and his bright cheery face was often seen at the Christian Endeavor Society. He was often heard to exclaim, 'I want to be something,' little dreaming that the whole of Canada would ring with his name some day when the ambitious heart was still, and the ear that was so sensitive to praise could no longer hear.

The citizens of St. John felt, and fittingly, that they should signalize the event in some becoming manner and in a short time a large sum of money was raised and a very handsome monument to his memory has been erected on King's Square; and if any of my readers should ever visit that city, let them not go away without seeing this monument; and as they view the finely sculptured stone, representing our hero in the act of raising in his arms the drowning boy, may they carry home with them higher and nobler ideas of life, and inwardly resolve ever to be found in the path of duty.

An Incident of a Providence.

(J. T. Beckley, D.D., in the 'Independent.')

God never makes a half providence, any more than a man makes a half pair of shears. This was one of the favorite sayings of Dr. A. J. Gordon. What to another man seemed a natural impulse was to him an impact of the Spirit. What to others seemed mere moods and tenses, to him were inflections of the divine life. When the Spirit said 'Arise and go,' even though the way were desert, he went, sure of finding the other half which would make the perfect sphere of the divine thought.

Under this conviction he preached. Richly endowed with popular gifts, he crucified them that he might be the simple mouthpiece of the Almighty. A born orator, he eschewed oratory. He effaced himself, that he might be the medium through which the divine light might pour, unflecked by stain of color. Let others speak according to the spirit of the age if only he might speak according to the spirit of God. And there came to him almost daily such an experience as another might call coincidence, but which to him was evidence of divine co-operation.

One day in Dr. Blackie's class room, in the University of Edinburgh, at the time when Barrie and Crockett were students, and were preparing to tell the world the stories that have charmed it, there was enacted a dramatic scene. A country boy named Geggie was called upon to recite. He arose, holding his book awkwardly in his left hand.

'Take your book in your right hand, mon!' said the teacher.

'I hae nae right hand,' answered the youth, as he held up the stump.

There was a moment's silence. Tears rose to the boy's eyes. The students hissed. Dr. Blackie came down from his desk, and, putting his arm around the boy, said: 'I did not mean to hurt you, lad;' and then, turning to the class, he thanked them for the privilege of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was when the boy was only four years old that he was caught in the threshing machine and his right arm was torn off. As the mother held him to her throbbing heart she prayed that God would make him his own prophet. He could never be of service on the farm, her poor, maimed child; but the Master could use him for a nobler husbandry. And the boy grew up with the mother's prayer of dedication ever in his heart. It troubled him. He held out against it, but it seemed to shut him in. When Major Whittle came to the university, and that work of grace began, so far reaching, Geggie was the first of the students to give himself up.

One day, years afterward, he found himself in Boston, a stranger and lonely. He went into Clarendon Street Church. That Sunday, in the sermon, Dr. Gordon told the story of Geggie and the incident of the Scotch class room. At the close of the service Geggie went to him and made himself known. Dr. Gordon called the congregation back and made him enter the pulpit and continue the service. I remember the glow upon the noble face of the preacher, as, a few days later, in his own study, 'his watch-tower,' he rehearsed to me the story of the Spirit's guidance.

To-night at the close of a great meeting in Charlottetown, in the Island Province, 'The Garden of the Gulf,' Geggie, his face all aglow with the same spirit, told me how God led him that day into the Boston church, and gave him that contact with the revealed preacher; to him, it has seemed ever since, like a special anointing and a divine benediction. Geggie is now the devoted minister of the church in Truro, and the great Grecian, and the great evangelist are to him two of the sweetest memories of life.

God never makes a half providence any more than a man makes a half pair of shears.

Acknowledge God in Business

A recent writer in 'The Christian Advocate' deals with the importance of consulting God regarding every detail of our lives. He writes: 'Take the matter of business. It is God's will that we should devote our lives to some useful employment; but what that shall be in particular cases is often a matter of considerable difficulty. How frequently wrong choice leads to bitter failure! It is overlooked that only a few men, if any, can really succeed in everything. Yet so many parents think their children to be such prodigies! Oh, the sad and terrible mistakes that are made in this matter! There are grocers who ought to be ministers, drapers who ought to be lawyers, doctors who ought to be cabinetmakers, commission agents who ought to be miners, and vice versa. All this is because God's guidance is frequently neither desired nor sought. It seems as if only a few people ask: "Will this be approved by him?" Too many say "It pleases me." That is often said by self-willed fathers, who resolve that their sons shall succeed them, instead of asking: "What can our boys do best?" In what sphere can they best serve life's purpose?'

Sample Copies.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

[For the 'Messenger.'

From the Sittin'-Room Window.

(By 'Calypso.')

I.

'Come to the sittin'-room window, quick, Ephraim. There goes neighbor Brown and his team of grays. They're just gittin' home from town, I guess. I wonder who's in the rig? There's Brown himself and Sarah, an' 'pears to me there's a little youngster in between 'em. I wonder who it can be? They're bin talkin' this long while 'bout adoptin' a child from the home, seein' 's they niver had none o' their own. I'll bet a penny that's what they've gone and done. Well, I wish 'em joy o' their bargain; it's a purty resky game. They think he'll be a sight o' help, I s'pose; but he's as likely to bring disgrace on their heads as to bring any comfort to their hearth and home. You kin niver tell how these Home boys 'll turn out. Most of'em's as bad as bad kin be. It's in the blood, and no bringin' up 'ill git rid o' it.'

'I guess I'll go across this afternoon and see what he's like. One thing sure, he's a purty lucky lad if he only knows it, a-gittin' into such a home. If he goes to the bad' 'twon't be for want o' trainin', for you couldn't find better nor kinder folks if you searched Canada through from Vancouver to Cape Breton. Sarah and Jack's good Presbyterians of the old-fashioned kind, and they'll bring him up right. They're purty well fixed in this world's goods, too, an' he'll never want fer anything.'

The foregoing remarks came from a sonsy little woman, the wife of a fairly prosperous farmer in one of the older settled districts of Canada. She was a kindly but garrulous soul, and possessed a full share of woman's curiosity. To satisfy this, when the dinner dishes were washed, and the sittin'-room tidied, Maria smoothed her hair, put on her best white apron and her lilac sun-bonnet, and started for her neighbor's across the way.

She sauntered slowly down the garden-path, sweet and gay on either side with old-fashioned flowers, through the little garden-gate across and up the road into her neighbor's domains.

On her way down the long lane that led to Farmer Brown's house, she passed the field where the farmer himself was hoeing turnips. As she came up, Jack stopped for a moment, leaned on his hoe, took off his wide-brimmed straw hat, and mopped his forehead with his large red and white handkerchief.

'Good-afternoon, Maria. It's a purty warm spell o' weather we've bin havin' lately, but things are growin' fine. There'll be a great harvest this year if the weather's good, I'm thinkin'.'

'That there will, Jack. How's Sarah?'

'She's feelin' purty spry to-day.'

'Bin to town, hain't ye? I saw ye drivin' home with a youngster in the rig.'

'Yes, me and Sarah's gittin' up in years purty well, and sometimes we're kind o' lonesome like. We've bin talkin' of gitting a child from the Home in the city. So we druv in to-day and picked out one we tuk a fancy to, kind o' thought he'd be a help and a comfort to us when we got old. Go right into the house and see him. Sarah sets great store by him. She's gone clean daft over him; and I'm kind o' soft like over him myself.'

When Maria entered the kitchen she found Sarah sitting on the old lounge with her arm round Bennie, who was sitting beside her eating a doughnut.

The child's appearance justified the fancy the old-folks had taken to him. He had pretty blue eyes, just now filled with wonder at his new surroundings, golden curls and rosy cheeks; but the wide white brow, the open look and innocent expression of the face made the observer turn to look at him more than once.

'Well, Ephraim, I've got back. That's quite a likely child over yonder. He's as pretty as a picture. You can't help but fall in love with him. And they do take on so 'bout him, both on 'em. They well-nigh worship him, and I shouldn't wonder but what he would turn out well; but, then, as I said before, you niver kin tell how they'll turn out.'

II.

'Ephraim, come here, quick! Here's Bennie Brown just startin' off. He's of age to-day. My, how time does fly! It's just thirteen years ago since we stood at this very window and watched Farmer Brown drivin' home from town with the youngster, and to-day he's a tall young man goin' West to make his fortune. Well, I hope he'll do well, Ephraim. He's been a good son to them all through these years. Couldn't hev bin better if he'd bin their own kith and kin. He's turned out well. I was kind o' dubious 'bout him at the start, but after I'd seen him I kind o' thought he might turn out all right. Brown's givin' him a purse o' gold, five hundred dollars, I heard. It'll be a pretty sad partin' atween Sarah and him, for they're just that fond of each other. Poor Ben looks pretty well cut up, doesn't he, and Brown looks as if he's feelin' bad, too. That trunk's a purty heavy load for two of 'em to lift into the rig. Look, Ephraim! There's Sarah shakin' hands with him now. See, she's puttin' her arms round him and kissin' him. Let's go down to the gate to say good-bye.'

III.

'True, Ephraim, God does move in a mysterious way, and his ways are past findin' out. Here's you an' me a-sittin' in comfort in our rockin'-chairs, and there's our neighbors just as deservin' as we are, and to-day their farm's bein' sold by auction to pay off that mortgage. Who ever would have thought that Jack and Sarah would have come to this pass? I did hear that Jack mortgaged the farm to give that five hundred dollars to Ben when he started out for himself. And, now, they're havin' to leave the home they've lived in all these years an' they've no place to go so far as I kin tell. It brings the tears to think of such an endin' to their lives now, when they're old and there's that adopted son o' theirs they reckoned 'ud be such a heap o' comfort to them in their old age. Where's he, I wonder? Gone an' furgot 'em, I guess. Livin' off in furrin' parts in comfort and plenty, with a stylish wife, like as not, and havin' a good time, and never thinkin' of the old folks as was so good to him wunst, an' mortgaged their farm to give him a good start in life. I allus thought 'twould end that way. These home children allus turn out just like that, grow up and git ungrateful, or else turn out regular rascals. I'm glad we never were so foolish, even if we have no children o' our own. Just look out the window, Ephraim, at the folks flocking to the sale. Poor old Brown! He's lookin' pretty thin and trembling to-day, and Sarah's just bowed down with grief. Ephraim, you just go over and get Sarah and fetch her over here to stay till the sale's over. I know she won't feel so bad if she can't see what's goin' on. Perhaps we kin cheer her up a bit.'

IV.

'Ephraim, Sarah, come here to the window, quick. What in the world has happened? They're takin' the auction flag down. The crowd of people are leavin' and the sale hasn't more'n half got started. And, Sarah, here's your husband comin' over here, and some tall stranger chap with him. I wonder who it is? Sure as life, if it ain't Bennie. Let 'em in quick, Ephraim.'

'Oh, Sarah, wife, here's Bennie. Hug him well. He's our own boy. He came and stopped the sale and paid the mortgage right down on the spot, and saved our home, and we can go right over now and call it our own again. God bless our noble boy. God only tried us to test our faith, as he did with Abraham, an' now in our old age he's given us back our boy again.'

Well, Ephraim, did you ever. Just watch those three goin' down the garden-path, Jack steps 'most as light as if he's as young as Bennie. A great load's been lifted from those two old hearts. God knows how to manage the affairs of this world, after all, and I guess some o' them Home boys do turn out well. I'll niver say again that they're all bad.'

Lucinda's Silk Dress.

(Mary Joslyn Smith, in 'American Messenger.')

Lucinda Ayers could not remember when she had not wanted a silk dress more than any other article of wearing apparel. It was her one desire in the line of finery.

'Lucinda, I wish we could get you that silk dress for your birthday,' said her mother one day. 'You'll be sixteen now soon, but I do not see how we can. But you deserve it, for you are my right hand.'

'Never mind, mother. Sometime it may come right,' was the cheerful answer.

At her eighteenth birthday much the same conversation took place, for the dress seemed as far in the future as ever. One year Lucinda thought if she could buy the dress it should be a blue one, another year a green, and still another a plaid silk, according as the style changed, but the years with their styles passed without bringing the dress.

When Lucinda was about to marry David Doane, and was getting her wedding outfit, her father and mother had a serious conference about the dress. 'She has always wanted a silk dress,' said the mother, 'and I cannot bear to have her go away from home without it.' But when Lucinda heard of the family council between her father and mother, she said: 'No, I'll not get any silk dress now. Maybe David and I can buy it after a while. By that time I will be old enough for a black silk dress, and then it will last me always. You know when Grandma Ford hears any of us talk of silk dresses, if we are at her house, she opens her closet and shows us a black silk which has served her for wedding dress three times, and she says it is as good as new. She always recommends black silk to last. I am sure I only want one wedding dress and I do not want that black, so I prefer to get the black silk later.'

The years followed apace, and although Lucinda kept the thought hidden, she never ceased to want a silk dress. Her father and mother died, and her baby boy grew to manhood and still the dress seemed farther and farther away. Even with Lucinda's greatest care, David had never been able to do any more than earn just money enough to keep things going.

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WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of "THE NORTHERN MESSENGER" or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, post-paid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid or within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand we ask our pay only **when it has done you good and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced-incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid, powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1.00 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

Middle-Aged and Elderly People Should Use It.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as **Vitæ-Ore** becomes each year more and more manifest. As is generally known, all through life there is a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system, marking the transition from the soft, gelatinous condition of infancy to the hard, osseous condition of old age. These calcareous deposits naturally interfere with the function of the **vital organs**, and when they become excessive and resist expulsion, result in the dryness and stiffness of old age. In early life these deposits are thrown off, but age has not the power to do so unless assisted by some outside stimulant. **Vitæ-Ore**, apart from its powerful disease curing, health-restoring action, is just the **ideal stimulant** for middle-aged, elderly people, in that it enters the blood, dissolves the hard calcareous matter, and almost entirely eradicates the ossific deposits so much dreaded by old people. **It enriches the blood** with the necessary hematinic properties, drives all foreign matter from the circulation, and prolongs vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but only ask your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills ou have, by sending to us for a package.

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Suffered for Five Years from General Debility' two Years from Indigestion and Salt Rheum.

Clinton, Ont.

I wish to tell what Vitæ-Ore has done for me in the hope that I may help others to be cured as I have been. I had been suffering for five years with **General Debility and Neuralgia** in my head, and two years ago I began to be troubled with **Indigestion** and **Salt Rheum**, the latter appearing on my hands, and could hardly eat or sleep. Although I doctored with some good doctors I received no benefit until I commenced using Vitæ-Ore, and before I used all of two packages **I had gained ten pounds.** Three packages of Vitæ-Ore have made me a new woman.

MRS. MARY KNOOT.

CURED AFTER SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.

READ WHAT A QUEBEC MAN SAYS.

Lance Au Beaufils, Que.

After suffering for about seven years with Rheumatism my attention was called to Vitæ-Ore, and as I had tried nearly everything else recommended to me I decided to give it a trial also. The result was far different from the other medicines and treatments I have used, as **I am now cured of my trouble.** Mine has certainly been a hard and obstinate case, which gives Vitæ-Ore all the more triumph for having accomplished what all others could not.

ALFRED LENSFESTEY.

"VITAE-ORE DID IT ALL."

Had Almost Given Up—Grew Weak and Thin—Could Not Work—Now Strong and Healthy.

Edmonton, Alberta.

I can cheerfully testify to all sufferers what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I suffered for years from Indigestion and other Stomach Troubles. I grew so weak and thin I could not work, and had almost given up, beginning to think life was not worth living. I got relief from the first package of Vitæ-Ore, in fact, as soon as I began its use. Before I had finished the second package I began to gain in flesh, and when I had taken the third package I weighed more than I ever did. I am to-day a strong, healthy man, and Vitæ-Ore did it all.

M. M. JOHNSTON.

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

N. M. DEPT.
Yonge & Temperance Sts. - - TORONTO, ONT.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JANUARY.

1. Friday.
Behold I make all things new. Rev. xxi., 5.

2. Saturday.
Thou wilt show me the path of life. Ps. xvi., 11.

3. Sunday.
Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me. Ps. iii., 3.

4. Monday.
Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage. Ps. xxvii., 14.

5. Tuesday.
The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance. Ps. xvi., 5.

6. Wednesday.
He satisfieth the longing soul. Ps. cvii.9.

7. Thursday.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Matt. v., 6.
Lucy H.

8. Friday.
I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. Ps. xvii., 15.
E. L.

9. Saturday.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee. Ps. lxxxiv., 5.

10. Sunday.
Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee. Gen. xxviii., 15.

11. Monday.
I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice. Ps. cxvi., 1.

12. Tuesday.
With my song will I praise him. Ps. xxviii., 7.

13. Wednesday.
In all thy ways acknowledge him. Prov. iii., 6.
Clifton Fenlason.

14. Thursday.
My meditation of him shall be sweet. Ps. civ., 34.
Nellie Louise Estey.

15. Friday.
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. Ps. xxxi., 5.
J. Anson Kemp.

16. Saturday.
Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Jas. i., 12.

17. Sunday.
Jehovah is my strength and my song. Isa. xii., 2.

18. Monday.
The Lord will be the hope of his people. Joel iii., 16.

19. Tuesday.
There is no want to t_em that fear him. Ps. xxxiv., 9.

20. Wednesday.
Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Titus ii., 10.
G. V.

21. Thursday.
Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel. Phil. i., 27.

22. Friday.
Let your speech be always with grace. Col. iv., 6.

23. Saturday.
More than conquerors through him that loved us. Rom. viii., 37.

24. Sunday.
Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin. Rom. vi., 11.

25. Monday.
Fear not neither be faint-hearted. Isa. vii., 4.
Cyrus McKinnon.

26. Tuesday.
As thy days so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii., 25.
George Ross.

27. Wednesday.
My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.
Jennie Ross.

28. Thursday.
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii., 4.

29. Friday.
Trust in him at all times, ye people. Ps. lxii., 8.

30. Saturday.
The work of righteousness shall be peace. Isa. xxxii., 17.

31. Sunday.
He will ever be mindful of his covenant. Ps. cxi., 5.

N.B.—Will those who have birthdays in February and March kindly send in the dates at once, if they wish to have their names in the birthday book? Those who wish to do so, may cut out the lists as they appear each month and paste them in a note-book, writing in the birthdays of their own friends, and thus make a permanent record of personal value.

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This section is about three miles and a half long. There is a lake here two miles long, and the widest place is half a mile wide. I was twelve years old last July. My sister Eva and I are both five feet tall, and are often taken for twins. My Aunt Annie took me to Halifax the first day of September. During my stay there, there was an exhibition held. My mother came to see the exhibition, and then I went home with her.
ANNIE J. R.

Hartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have recently got a library in our school, and I have read four of the books. The nicest that I read was 'Little Women and Good Wives.' I have never read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but I intend getting it soon, because mamma wants to read it. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the Correspondence. I have two brothers at home, and one sister in Hamilton. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
FLOSSIE S.

Regina, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about eleven miles from Regina. I can plough and harrow. I drove four horses ploughing; and I drove a load of grain to the elevator one day. It was quite interesting to see them build the railway by the schoolhouse; they camped there for a little while. It looked like a little white village. The most fun was when they came along with the engine laying the ties and rails. Our school teacher let us watch them for some time. The rails were carried along on one side of the machine, and the ties on the other side.
WALTER LOVELACE S.

Wicklow, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister two years older than myself, and a dear little brother nearly three years old. His name is Edwin. He has a dog that he calls Bee. We are having a well drilled. Papa goes in the woods in the winter, and we have a very lonesome time, for I dearly love my papa. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.
NELLIE LOUISE E.

Chipman Corner, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of ten years. I have taken your paper for two years. I enjoy reading it very much. I read almost every word in it. I have found it very helpful, and think in years to come, the reading of this paper, when a little boy, will mean a good deal to me. I wish your, dear Editor, and all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' a Happy New Year.
RALPH L. E.

Branch Hill, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—My school teacher told me about the 'Northern Messenger.' I have not taken it very long, but I like to read the stories in it. I go to school, and also to Sunday-school. I live about a mile from the church. I am twelve years old, and in the fifth reader. My birthday is on Sept. 5. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
NETTIE C.

Admire, Kansas, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small town out on the broad prairies of Kansas. We have a good school of four rooms, with a high school department. We get the 'Messenger' every week at Sunday-school. I enjoy reading the stories in them. We learn a great many good lessons from them. In reply to Minnie Simpson H., I will say that my sister Lillian's birthday is on June 2. She is eight years old. I should like to correspond with some little girl of about my age in Newfoundland or Nova Scotia.
BLANCHE McD. (aged 10).

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger.' I get it in Sunday-school. I like it very much. I will be eleven years old on Jan. 20. We live not very far from the school. I go almost every day. We live in the village of Hunter River, quite near the railway station. There is a small river flowing through the village, where we catch some nice trout.
G. V

Rockville.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and would not like to be without it. I enjoy reading the correspondence page. I live in Rockville, on the Island of Manitoulin. Do not think that this is a small island, for it is a very large one. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister and I go to school. We have a mile and a half to go, but we often drive in the winter. My sister is in the second book, and I am in the fourth. We all like our teacher very much.
ETHEL W.

Mindemoya, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and our farm joins on Mindemoya Lake (being the Indian name for Old Woman Lake), after which the post-office is named. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. We all like it very much. I have four sisters, and only one brother. I have one sister married. The weather is very cold now, and the snow is over a foot deep. The first snow came on Nov. 29. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.
E. M. L. (aged 13).

Placentia Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is a very small place. We live by the side of a pond. We have fifty sheep and one cow, and two bulls and one ox. My father has a boat and two cod-traps. He goes fishing in the summer. I have four brothers and one sister. I am the youngest of the family. My birthday will be on Sept. 10. I will be fifteen years old. I belong to the Maple Leaf Club. My sister's name is Annie. She was twenty-eight years old last December. I went to school, and I am in the third reader. I have one grandmother, but no grandfather. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
ELIZA J. C.

MISS EMILY BABBS.

One of our subscribers, Mrs. Nicholls, is very anxious to hear from an old friend, Emily Babbs, who, thirty years ago, lived next door to her at 10 Adelaide Street, St. John's Wood, London.

Any information sent in care of the 'Northern Messenger,'' John Dougall & Son, Montreal, will be forwarded to her.

LITTLE FOLKS

Ursula's Home Mission.

(By Mrs. F. M. Howard, in 'Christian Work and Evangelist').

Ursula was very much interested when the Home Missionary Society met at her home. She was a dear, helpful little girl, only seven years old, but very capable and thoughtful. She often washed the tea dishes, and by standing on her little chair could put them away in the neatest order. She kept Baby Helen out of doors and amused Robbie all the morning of the missionary meeting, so that mamma could be free to do the necessary work in the house, sweeping and dusting and preparing a dainty little lunch for the missionary ladies after the meeting.

Baby and Robbie were both taking their afternoon nap when the ladies came, and Ursula was at liberty to sit in the parlor and enjoy the meeting. Her big, blue eyes grew bigger and rounder as she listened to the details of the mission work, out on the plains, among the Indians, and especially that among orphans in the various homes, little boys and girls like herself, who had no papas, no mammas to tuck them into bed at night or to make home lovely and bright for them.

She looked over at her own mamma and thought of home without her in it, no mother's knee at which to say her little prayer at night, no mamma's tender hand to care for her in the morning, and tears stood in her eyes. She listened attentively to all that was said with a great longing in her loving heart to be a home missionary herself, to go out to the neglected ones of earth and carry the message of that good news which was the daily strength and comfort of her own home.

But she knew that she must wait many long years, and a year is a very long time to a little girl of seven, before she could hope to be sent out as a missionary, for missionaries wore black frocks and had gray hair tucked back under a sober black bonnet. She had seen one once—a very, very old lady it seemed to her, and a gentleman missionary also, with very shiny trousers and a bald spot on his head, but she listened very intently to learn all that she could about that long word, missionary.

Perhaps the ladies might have been more explicit if they had understood what an earnest little listener they had, but she gathered from what she heard that the word meant one who does many things for others for Christ's sake without hope or desire for reward. Also that those who do their unselfish best wherever they are, are as truly missionaries as those who are sent into far countries.

'Then mamma is a missionary,' said the little girl to herself, softly, 'for she is always doing something nice for somebody that can't pay.' But it never occurred to her that little Ursula herself was already of that unselfish class, with her observing eyes and her ready, willing hands.

She helped her mother in passing the napkins and the pretty china plates, and the missionary ladies ate heartily with many a kind word for the little girl who helped her mother so willingly.

'Ursula is my little missionary,' said her mother, proudly and gratefully. 'Not many little girls of seven would be such a help and comfort.' But Ursula was not in the room to hear, or such warm praise, even from mamma, might have made her vain and self-satisfied.

It was late when the missionary ladies went home, and other friends came in to spend the evening, so there was no time to wash the lunch china or put the rooms in their usual neat order before a

The Getting Up.

There's the waking in the morning,
In the Babies' Land, you know,
There's a stretching, and a yawning
Then a chuckle—then a crow—
And it's hie! for romps and laughter,
All the kisses we can take
From the pinkest, sweetest faces
When the little people wake!

Now to set to work at dressing—
Tiny toes must go in socks,
Fairy, dainty forms be dressed in
Wee and prettiest of frocks;
Then the laughter must be silent,
That to heaven above may stray
Thanks and praises for the daylight
When the little people pray!

—Maud Maddick.

late bedtime, and mamma was very tired. Ursula cast a troubled look back at the disordered rooms as she went upstairs to bed, then a smile crept over her dear little face. Here was her opportunity to minister.

It was very early in the morning when she awoke. A robin was singing a daylight song over in the maple, and a pair of sparrows were chirping under the eaves, softly and gently, for it was too early to quarrel, and the little girl crept from her bed, slipped on a dark apron over her pretty ruffled nightie and her feet into a pair of bedroom slippers, and stole noiselessly down the stairs.

Not a sound escaped from the kitchen as the little girl, with closed doors, washed and wiped the lunch china with quick, careful hands, brushed the hearth, and left the kitchen in good order for getting the morning meal. Then she went into the parlors and put the rooms in perfect order, as neatly as mamma herself could have done it, and with a light heart crept back into her little white bed again.

Baby had worried through the night, and the weary mother awoke late, with a start. Her husband was standing by her bedside smiling, but with something like a tear shining in his eyes. 'Come downstairs softly, mother,' he whispered. 'A ministering fairy has been at work there.' The mother rose quickly and went down, pausing in the doorway in pleased surprise.

'I came down early, thinking to do the work for you, and found it all done. I knew that you had not been down, and Ursula is sound asleep in her bed, but her slippers are at the foot of the stairs, and she forgot to take off her apron.'

'The blessed child, she must have been up with the birds!' exclaimed her mother with glistening eyes. 'My thoughtful little missionary, my darling little girl!'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

My Julia.

My Julia was a sweet dolly. I had spent many happy hours sewing her dresses and playing with her. Mostly she wore white and had a happy expression on her face.

I was absent from the house, jumping rope on the pavement one day, when a lady and her little daughter came to call on my mamma. During the call some one gave the child my Julia to play with. That was all right, of course; but when they were going away the little girl cried to take my dolly along. My sister came out and found me and asked if I would give the little visitor my Julia.

Of course I said, 'No, indeed!'

But my sister coaxed me a great deal, and told me that the little visitor was crying very hard, and could not be comforted, and would not give the dolly up. She told me, besides, that I was almost too big to play with dolls any longer.

So at last I consented to give my dear Julia to the spoiled child, who cried for what was not hers! When I went in, by and by, she was gone. None of the big people ever knew how lonely and unhappy I was without my precious doll.

It was a whole year before I saw the visitor again, for she did not live in the same city. When I saw her—it was in a shop—I walked up to her and said: 'How is Julia? Where is Julia?'

Will you believe it? She did not remember my Julia that she had cried to take away from me!

I went home very sad and indignant. I thought a girl who could take my Julia and then lose her and forget all about her, must have a heart of stone.—Faith Webster, in 'Little Folks.'

Jacob's Change.

Several boys were playing at marbles. The game had gone on very pleasantly for a little time, until one of the boys, named Jacob Jackson, became vexed about something that did not exactly suit him, and used some very bad language.

'I shan't stay here if you swear,' said Frank Harlow; 'for father says it is very wicked, and that God will punish people that take His name in vain.'

'Well, my father don't believe there is any God,' replied Jacob; 'and he knows as much as your father does. So I shall swear as much as I please. I am not afraid.'

'Isn't any God!' exclaimed Frank. 'Then, why don't you swear by the sun, or something else?'

'Why, I don't know,' stammered Jacob; 'I swear just as other folks do.'

'Well, it seems to me it is very foolish to swear by something that you don't believe has any existence.'

'So it does, I declare,' said Jacob; 'I never thought of it before. I don't believe now, but father does, believe there is a God, or else he wouldn't use His name as much as he does. I mean to ask him when I go home.'

Jacob was usually a very good-natured boy, and his playmates would have liked him very much if he had not sometimes used bad language. Frank Harlow was a particular favorite of his, and he would have been a favorite of Frank's if he had not had this one sinful habit. Frank had been religiously instructed, and he could not endure to hear such wicked words. But his question awoke some new thoughts in Jacob's mind, and all the way home that day he kept wondering why he had never thought of it before—that, if there really is no God, it was foolish enough to use the name when he was vexed or more than usually in earnest. And, if there is a God, oh, how had he dared to call upon Him as he did for angry curses.

Before he reached home he made up his mind to stop such a foolish and wicked practice, and try and be worthy of the friendship of such a good boy as he knew Frank Harlow to be. I do not know what the result of his talk with his father was. But, from that day to this, Jacob has used no profane language.—'Outlook.'

Disappointments.

'It was such a disappointment,' sighed mamma.

Florence listened.

'I spell is with an H,' said papa and then, seeing the little girl's surprised eyes, he added:—

'Don't you see disappointment is just like His appointment, if you change the letters? They are long words, but you are a good speller. His appointment is God's appointment, and His way is often better than ours.—Mayflower.

LESSON IV.—JULY 24.

Jehoshaphat's Reform.

II. Chronicles xix., 1-11.

Golden Text.

Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good. II. Chronicles xix., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 18.—II. Chron. xix., 1-11.
Tuesday, July 19.—II. Chron. xvii., 1-19.
Wednesday, July 20.—II. Chron. xviii., 1-17.
Thursday, July 21.—II. Chron. xviii., 18-34.
Friday, July 22.—II. Chron. xx., 1-13.
Saturday, July 23.—II. Chron. xx., 14-30.
Sunday, July 24.—Ps. lxxxiii., 1-18.

1. And Jehoshaphat the king of Judah returned to his house in peace in Jerusalem.

2. And Jehu the son of Hanani the seer went out to meet him, and said to king Jehoshaphat, Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? Therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.

3. Nevertheless there are good things found in thee, in that thou hast taken away the groves out of the land, and hast prepared thine heart to seek God.

4. And Jehoshaphat dwelt at Jerusalem: and he went out again through the people from Beer-sheba to mount Ephraim, and brought them back unto the Lord God of their fathers.

5. And he set judges in the land throughout all the fenced cities of Judah, city by city,

6. And said to the judges, Take heed what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord, who is with you in the judgment.

7. Wherefore now let the fear of the Lord be upon you; take heed and do it: for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts.

8. Moreover in Jerusalem did Jehoshaphat set of the Levites, and of the priests, and of the chief of the fathers of Israel, for the judgment of the Lord, and for controversies, when they returned to Jerusalem.

9. And he charged them, saying, Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully, and with a perfect heart.

10. And what cause soever shall come to you of your brethren that dwell in their cities, between blood and blood, between law and commandment, statutes and judgments, ye shall even warn them that they trespass not against the Lord, and so wrath come upon you, and upon your brethren: this do, and ye shall not trespass.

11. And, behold, Amariah the chief priest is over you in all matters of the Lord; and Zebadiah the son of Ishmael, the ruler of the house of Judah, for all the king's matters: also the Levites shall be officers before you. Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Last week the subject was the reign of Asa, a good king, who ruled over Judah for forty-one years, and who did much to correct the evil of the kings who preceded him.

Asa was succeeded by Jehoshaphat his son, who came to the throne at the age of thirty-five years, and reigned twenty-five years. He did even better than King Asa his father in restoring the worship of God, for he not only destroyed the high places, but he sent men throughout Judah to teach the people the law of the Lord. II. Chronicles xvii., 7-9.

It is not surprising then to learn that Jehoshaphat was greatly prospered, and that fear fell on the surrounding nations so that they did not molest Judah. The king did not neglect to prepare his nation for war, however, and so cities were fortified, and a strong army maintained. According to II. Chronicles xvii., Jehoshaphat had not less than 1,160,000 men who were ready to go to war.

But Jehoshaphat made a mistake, in having too much to do with Ahab, the evil king of Israel. He married his son, Jehoram, to Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, his wicked queen. Much trouble later came of this marriage.

In chapter xviii., 1, we read, 'Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance, and joined affinity with Ahab.' As a result of this friendliness with a bad man, Jehoshaphat was drawn into a battle with the Syrians at Ramoth-gilead, in company with Ahab. Here Ahab lost his life, but, though the combined Jewish hosts were defeated, Jehoshaphat returned safely to Jerusalem, which brings us to the present lesson.

Read the account of the prophecies concerning this battle, and of Ahab's death in II. Chronicles xviii.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1, 2. 'Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?' As Jehoshaphat and his defeated and downcast followers approached Jerusalem Jehu the son of the prophet Hanani, who had rebuked Asa, Jehoshaphat's father, for his lack of faith in God, came out to meet him and to rebuke him for his dealings with Ahab the wicked king of Israel.

Jehoshaphat's wealth and power tempted Ahab to flatter him and to use him for his own purposes, and Jehoshaphat fell into the trap.

Now comes Jehu to tell him that 'therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.' A sorrowful greeting was this for a returning warrior, but one brought on by his own wrong doing.

This was a very good time to make his words effective, for the king had reason to feel the cost of his wrong doing. He himself had escaped, but he had been defeated along with Israel, and his colleague, Ahab, had been slain. Jehu reminds him of his sin in making a common cause with those who hated the God he served.

Prosperity may not be wrong in itself, but it is very often the soil in which evil flourishes. Remember that Christ said it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven. He said this because he understood the temptations and perils that beset the rich and prosperous. God alone can save a man from the dangers of great earthly possessions.

3. 'Nevertheless there are good things found in thee.'

But Jehoshaphat's career had had much that was good in it, so Jehu's message contains a word of encouragement. Bad as were the king's dealings with Ahab, he had nevertheless done much to bring his people back to God, as we have seen, and God recognizes this fact.

In his infinite mercy God graciously pardons the sins of his servants when their hearts are really right with him. He hates sin but loves and stands ready to help the sinner. Who has not made mistakes, formed alliances with ungodly persons, engaged in unrighteous enterprises, in grasping after what God does not want him to have or would give him by some other way? Wrong as this is the doer of it need not be discouraged because God sends him punishment and defeat.

If in his heart he really purposes to obey God and to correct the evil, he finds God not only ready to forgive, but to aid. Jehoshaphat's heart had been prepared to seek God, and he found him.

4. 'And he went out again through the people from Beersheba to Mount Ephraim, and brought them back unto the Lord.'

Following his transgression and its severe lesson, Jehoshaphat resumes his task of bringing his people back to God. His record, taken altogether, is one of the best of any of the kings of Judah and Israel both.

5-7. 'For ye judge not for man, but for the Lord.'

This is a good citizenship lesson, especially for those under a government like ours, where the people have to do directly with electing officers and law-makers, and where anyone may hold office.

Jehoshaphat carried his reforms beyond religious matters, as we see by verse 5. When a people lose their godliness, corrupt political practices soon begin to creep in. The king doubtless found great need of a change in this direction, hence his appointment of judges. This may have included the setting aside of unworthy judges, the appointment of others to take their places, and also the establishment of courts where none had been before.

The charge of the king to these officials ought to be studied by every public official in America to-day. He began by reminding them of their responsibility to God, and of his watchful presence. They were to have the fear of God, to be no respecters of persons, and to take no bribes. What higher moral preparation can a judge have than what is outlined here?

A public office is not a merely human affair, but the holder of the position is responsible to God. 'For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.' Romans xiii., 1.

8-11. 'Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good.'

Having established matters in the other cities, Jehoshaphat sets up a court at Jerusalem, perhaps what we would term a supreme court. It was composed of Levites, priests, who were also of the tribe of Levi, and the chief of the fathers of the people. In this way the people generally would be well represented in the court.

Notice that, in his charge to these judges, Jehoshaphat warns them that they were not only to judge righteously, but to warn those that came before them of their responsibility to God.

In verse 11 you will notice that Jehoshaphat assigns Amariah, the chief priest, to preside in all questions concerning religion, while Zebadiah, the head of the tribe of Judah, would preside over civil affairs. Levites were appointed to be what we might call court officials.

Read chapter xx. for the account of the rest of Jehoshaphat's reign, and of the wonderful 'hallelujah victory.'

The lesson for July 31 is 'Omri and Ahab.' I. Kings xvi., 23-33.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 24.—Topic—How to break down the spirit of caste. Jas. ii., 1-9; Matt. xxiii., 8-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MIZPAH.

Monday, July 18.—The end of a journey. Gen. xxix., 1-14.
Tuesday, July 19.—A deceiver deceived. Gen. xxix., 15-28.
Wednesday, July 20.—The return journey. Gen. xxxi., 17-21.
Thursday, July 21.—The pursuit. Gen. xxxi., 22-25.
Friday, July 22.—God's care for Jacob. Gen. xxxi., 25-29.
Saturday, July 23.—The story of twenty years. Gen. xxxi., 38-42.
Sunday, July 24.—Topic—The Mizpah covenant. Gen. xxxi., 43-55.

Artificial Growth.

The blaze of the electric light may stimulate the growth of a plant, but it cannot be a healthy, natural growth. We have become so artificial and so impatient for premature fruit that we can scarcely conceive what a misfortune, what an injury it is to all that is finest and most Christlike in our children to be voted for in the newspaper contests for the most popular child in school, to have their pictures in the magazines, to be photographed for the artist's street show pictures, and to be written up by any newspaper scribe who is short of a story for the morning paper.

The children of to-day live too much on the streets. Their delicate bloom withers in the publicity of hotel or boarding-house life. They are too self-conscious in their gaudy finery. They are forced to the centre of the stage, when what they need is more of the quiet seclusion such as developed and strengthened the character of Jesus in that Nazarene home and synagogue.

It is as natural for a child to lead its mates in a Junior Endeavor meeting as it is for it to lead them in a game of snowball or 'I spy'; but our modern life too often puts the child before the adult. 'His Majesty, the Boy,' would be an appropriate form of address in many a home.—John F. Cowan.

'I'll No Do It.'

THE STORY OF A CONSISTENT MAN.

More than fifty years ago a family from Scotland settled in one of the backwoods districts of Canada. In those days the use of strong drink was a prevailing custom, and no little courage was needed by him who dared oppose it. At barn-raisings, logging-bees, and the like, grog was freely supplied to the workmen, and woe betide the settler who thought to 'pit his hoose up without a dram.'

The Wyslies were teetotallers; and when the facts became known, there was no little speculation among the neighbors as to what the upshot would be should they presume to take a stand against the usage of the day.

'They'll find out this settlement isn't going to be bossed by no teetotal nonsense, I tell you,' said big Donald Frazer to a group of men in the little log building that served as general store and post-office.

'Hi'm thinkin' a glass of hale won't 'urt anybody,' said Henry Hodges, the only Englishman of the party; 'our 'Enery 'ad it since 'e were a baby, and 'e can swing a haxe with any lad in the township.'

'Get awa' wi' yir hale,' said Peter Forbes; 'gi' us whusky, wi' the smell o' the peat reek in't. I'm no sayin' but that new folk ha'e a richt to their opeenion, gin they only keep it at hame; but it winna do to let them stop 's frae a warmin' th'gither when we're oot by.'

'That's it,' said Frazer; 'no job goes on here without grog, and, mind my word, we'll have a horn all round out of old Wyslie yet before the summer's through.'

To avoid a rupture of the good feeling that in spite of everything had existed since his arrival in the settlement, George Wyslie with no other help than that of his boys, put up the little cabin that was to serve as a temporary home; but the day came when a barn was needed, and outside help must be called in. The logs were all prepared, and the day set for the raising came round. The neighbors assembled in force, intent, for the most part, on forcing conformity with the prevailing custom.

When the building was breast-high, the men with one accord quit work and refused to proceed until liquor was brought. They sat among the timbers, or lounged in groups under the neighboring trees, chaffing one another in a good-natured way, but evidently bent on forcing an issue, in which they had made up their minds to win.

A kindly neighbor approached the old man as he stood perplexed and apparently undecided, and advised him to send for a bottle of rum, as all the men wanted was a mere taste to keep up the custom.

If any one thought George Wyslie wavered it was because the man was not yet quite fully known.

'I'll no do it,' he said. 'God forbid that I should pit the bottle to my neebor's mou; every stick can lie on the ground till it rots, first.'

Presently, climbing upon the low walls of what he had hoped would be a barn to house his few cattle and shelter his little harvest when it was ripe, he bared his grizzled head and beckoned attention.

'Listen tae me,' he said. 'I want every man o' yi that wunna wark withoot whuskey ta gae into the hoose and get his supper, an' then gae hame. Up, every man o' yi; into the hoose wi' yi, then hame tae yir beds.'

Whether the words or the bearing of the man had the greater influence it is difficult to say, but the men one after another arose to their feet and resumed their work. Before night the rafters were all in place; and Donald Frazer, standing on a corner of the building, led in three hearty cheers for 'Uncle Geordie's pluck.

Some weeks later a neighbor thought to profit by the experience of the Wyslies, and to save the cost of a gallon or two of rum. As before, the men struck work and demanded strong drink. Young George Wyslie sought to rally them, saying, 'You put up our barn without grog; come on, let us put up Jim's, too.'

Peter Forbes laid his big, broad palm on the young man's shoulder, and said: 'Ye need na spend yir wind, ma man. It's different wi' you foulk; nane o' ye iver drinks when yir oot by, but Jemes aye has his dram; na, we'll no gae forrit till he brings it on.'

This time the men gained their point, and James Thomson had to yield; but the custom began to die out from that time, and to-day men meet together for work and never so much as think that strong drink is required.

The fourth generation of Wyslies, bright-eyed and sturdy-limbed, is growing up on the old homestead, which has been transformed into smooth and verdant fields without the aid of so much as a glass of strong drink; and, although for nearly forty years his body has slept beneath the willows, the memory of George Wyslie is fragrant to-day among the fields and lanes of Carlingford.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Why Johnny Didn't Smoke.

We were walking up and down the long platform of the railway station at New London one bright spring morning, and enjoyed the fresh breeze that blew in from the Sound while we waited for the Vermont Central train to take us on the northward.

There were other strollers besides ourselves, and we particularly noticed a handsome, and dainty young athlete for his scrupulous neatness, his quiet demeanor, and his firm, erect carriage.

Presently he was accosted by a half dozen jolly young fellows, who were surprised and delighted at meeting there. They plied him with hasty, cordial, boyish questions: 'Where have you been?' 'What have you been doing?' 'How are you getting on?'

We dropped down on a settee near by, amused at the merry, lively chat. Presently some one offered our athlete a cigar.

'Thank you, no,' he said. 'I have given up smoking.' And then he added, laughing a little, and showing a set of very white teeth: 'The fact is, when I reached home there seemed to be no place for me to smoke, and I was under the necessity of giving up the habit.'

'How was that, John?'

'Well, you see, I was glad enough to get home again, and after supper I went into the library and lay down on the sofa in front of the open fire, and, lighting a cigar, prepared for a smoke. Pretty soon ma came in. Not my own mother; she died when I was a little thing; but this one, ever since my father married her, has made a pretty and pleasant home for me. As she walked along, I heard the soft rustle of her dress, and then I heard her sniff, sniff and presently she said: "I fancied I smelled smoke." I held up my cigar, and confessed I had been smoking a little, off and on, for some time.'

'"Oh, is that so?" she said gently. "Well, Johnny, I don't know that it is surprising, but please do not let me see you smoking on the street or when we are out anywhere. I don't think I could bear that." And I said: "Certainly not, ma. You can depend on me." But I threw my cigar in the fire, having lost my enjoyment of it somehow, although she did not scold.

'Pretty soon my father came in, and he said, directly: "Ma tells me you have learned to smoke, my boy. Well, I suppose I ought to be surprised that you didn't learn sooner, but don't let me see you smoking around the house." And I said, "Certainly not, sir," and was glad he had taken it so pleasantly.

'Before the evening was half over, my Uncle Tom, who is my father's partner in business, strolled over for a little chat, and as he took a seat and looked me over in a way he has, as if he were taking an account of stock, ma said in her soft voice, "Johnny has a new accomplishment since he went away. He has learned to smoke."

'"Dear me! is that so?" exclaimed Uncle Tom. "Well, why boys will persist in burning up their hard earnings is a mystery to me; but you won't let me see you smoking around the factory, I hope. I shouldn't enjoy seeing my nephew and bookkeeper and prospective partner about the works with a pipe or cigar in his mouth."

'Uncle Tom is a great go-to-meeting man. One evening he asked me to go with him, and as I had no excuse to offer, I went. There was a collection, and Uncle Tom said to me: "I used to use tobacco and beer, but since I left it off I have put what money I save in that way into the Lord's work, and it gives me more pleasure than I ever got from smoke or drink."

'"I will do that, too, sir," I said. "I will follow so excellent an example for a year, and then, if I am no poorer, I will keep it up as long as I live." So I began saving my dimes. I had to go to church to put them in the box, of course, and in that way I became interested in the religion I heard preached, and concluded that I needed it as much as anyone. So, boys, I am a Christian and a church member, and I feel as if I had been getting on quite a little.'

'I like your speaking out and telling us all about it,' said the jolliest young fellow of them all. 'It gives me faith to believe that you have got hold of something worth having.'

'All aboard for the North!' shouted Conductor Doane. And the next minute we were moving rapidly away, leaving the group still talking.—Mrs. Annie Preston, in 'Onward.'

During the last thirty years there died in Europe alone of alcoholism a total of 7,500,000 people. That is more people than were killed in all the wars of the nineteenth century. The authority for these statements is Matti Helenius, a member of the faculty of the University of Denmark, who goes on to show that in Denmark one out of every seven men who die between the ages of 35 and 55 is a victim of alcoholism.—'Ram's Horn.'

Boycott the Cigarette.

The cigarette! The cigarette!
Most subtle foe that youth has met!
We boys should take alarm!
A dangerous thing it is, though small,
For in its tiny folds lie all
The elements of harm.
The cigarette! The cigarette!
Oh, listen, boys, and don't forget!
(The half has ne'er been told.)
There is a drug within it placed,
To which directly may be traced
Disorders manifold.
The cigarette! The cigarette!
To smoke it, boys, is to beget
A thirst for liquors vile;
Within the victim's weakened will
Love for the products of the still
Becomes intrenched the while.
The cigarette! The cigarette!
The smoker's pathway is beset
With dangers not a few;
Physical vigor it impairs,
Mental and moral force ensnares,
While death doth oft ensue.
The cigarette! The cigarette!
Worse than the old-time calumet!
Boycott it, boys, I say!
Let every boy in every cot
Decide that he will use it not—
Boycott it, boys, to-day!

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Correspondence

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not print full names and addresses of correspondents, but we would be very pleased if correspondents would indicate those whose letters they should like to see.

For example, 'Coyote Jim' would like some boy in Vancouver to write, why should not all the readers have the benefit of the letter if it turns out to be interesting?

E. Lewis K., New Brunswick, would like to write to Edith M. J., who lives in Bermuda, because the latter's country is so different. Why not ask her to write and then send a letter to be printed full of questions about her country, asking her to answer it.

Some one else still enquires for the full name and address of Mary H. Hillcroft, Moulmein. Why should we not all have the benefit of these letters?

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

New Germany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have read so many interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' that I decided to write also. I enjoy the reading very, very much. New Germany is a small village, situated on the La Have River. It is quite pleasant in the summer, but very lonesome in the winter. I play the piano and violin, and like it very much, as I am very fond of music.

'PANSY' (aged 13).

Brooklyn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have been getting the 'Messenger' for some time at Sunday-school, I thought I would write and tell you how much I like it. Brooklyn is quite a large village, and it is situated at the mouth of the Liverpool river, and only a short distance from the town of Liverpool. Liverpool has an electric marine slip, which I think no other town or city in the world possesses. A railway is being built here, and the workmen, who are nearly all of them Italians, are working a short distance from our home. They are so near that when they blast the rocks the explosion shakes our windows. I go to school, and like all my studies very much. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great number of books. My favorite authors are Scott and Cooper, although I like others, too. I have read Cooper's entire works and several of Scott's books. I am now reading 'Pizarro.' It is about the adventures and conquests of Francisco Pizarro, the Spaniard who conquered Peru. I think it is a splendid story. I have no brothers, but two sisters, whose names are Sadie and Muriel.

MILDRED M. R. (aged 13).

Glatton Farm, Otterburne, Man.

Dear Editor,—I wanted to join the Royal League of Kindness, but mamma said that I had better try for one week and see if I could keep the rules. Now the week is up, and she says I may send in my name. I am seven years old, and I go to school. We expect our Sunday-school to start soon, and I am glad. Hoping you will put my name in the League,

GLADYS J.

Dorchester, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My father goes to sea. I have one grandma living. I have no sisters, but I have two brothers. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and it is a lovely paper for young folks. I read the letters you write, and hope you will write one every week. I like reading very much. I go to school nearly every day. I live about a mile from it. I am in grade three. Dorchester is a shire-town of Westmorland.

MINA R. P.

Roland, Man.

Dear Editor,—I think I'm a little Yankee, and can't deny it. My parents moved from Ontario to Montana in 1892, where I was born; they lived there about ten years. Montana is the noted mineral State. My mamma and I took a trip through part of Montana, and we saw some beautiful sights. It was a continual variety of scenery: there were rocks straight up at one side of the train, while directly on the other side was a steep bank almost a hundred feet deep. This would last perhaps for quarter of a mile, then be reversed. One very large rock seemed ready to fall on top of us; but a gentleman who was with us said it had always been there. There did not seem to be any soil on the rock, but away up on top was a large evergreen tree. Then we passed through some tunnels, which made me very sick; it was just before we had our breakfast, and the coal gas came into the coach. We stayed in Helena (the capital of Montana) about three weeks, and visited all the principal parts of the city. One large building which we visited in the central part of the city we heard the following about: The men dug to lay the foundation for it, and as they did so they unearthed rich mineral, which when sold brought enough money to pay for the building. It was a very large three-story building built of stone and used for different purposes. The first story was a city library, with reading-rooms. I have travelled by the railway over eleven thousand miles now. Do not think by this that I have travelled all of my life, for I have not. We visited Ontario seven years ago, when I was only four years old. My papa was a railway man while we lived in Montana. We moved to Manitoba four years ago this spring, and we like it here very much, only it is so cold. Montana is a much healthier climate, the atmosphere is so dry. They don't raise anything there; they have tried several irrigation schemes, but all have failed so far. We live now in Roland, Man. I have no brothers or sisters, only a little cousin. I received the Bible, and it is very nice.

MARION L. W.

Young's Cove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Mother and I went to Boston in the year 1899. We were there nearly four months, as we went away in November and came back in March. Father is away at Quebec in the lumber woods, and we are expecting him home soon. My sister used to take the 'Messenger,' but my brother Glen is taking it now. Grandmother died last January. I am in the third reader, and there are six of us in my class. I have three brothers and three sisters. We have a dog named Fluff.

PERCY (aged 11).

Grey's Mills, King's Co.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible quite a little time ago, and I wish to thank you for it. I have only taken the 'Messenger' for one year, but I like it very much. I live on a farm on the St. John River, twenty miles from the city of St. John. It is quite a pretty place, and in the summer there are a good many steamboats. I go to school, and have a good many studies. We do not grade in our school. I take music lessons, and like it pretty well. We have a Sunday-school in summer, but not during the winter months.

VARA L. L. (aged 13).

Andover, Vic. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and enjoy reading it. Mamma took the paper when she was a girl. I am thirteen years of age, and am in the ninth grade. In looking over the children's letters in the copy for Feb. 19, I saw one from Green Bank, Paget, Bermuda, written by Edith M. J., I enclose a stamp for her name in full if you will be so kind as to send it. I should enjoy writing to her, as there is such a contrast between the two countries.

E. LEWIS K.

McLeods, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. I am the youngest of the family, and my birthday is on Feb. 12. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' although we have been taking it a number of years. I think it is a nice paper. I have five brothers and two sisters. My eldest sister is married and lives in Visby, Minnesota. I go to school every day in the summer, but we don't have any school in the winter. The schoolhouse is over two miles from us. I live on a farm very near the station, and about five minutes' walk from the post-office.

C. E. M.

Caledon East, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have intended to write a letter to the 'Messenger,' but have always put it off. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I think it is very nice, because it has a part for everybody. We have organized a band of mercy at our school, and it has a membership of forty-five. I wish to thank you for the lovely picture which I received for the little work of getting forty people to sign the Temperance Pledge.

HARTLEY S.

Mount William.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible that you sent me for the subscribers I procured for the 'Messenger,' and I thank you very much for it. It is a lovely Bible for so little work. I live on a farm. I am ten years old, and I have two pets, a dog and a calf. The dog's name is Curly and the calf's name is Dona.

MARY A. W.

Clark's Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am very much pleased with the 'Messenger,' and love to read it. I look forward to its coming with great pleasure. I have a little brother and sister, and I read to them out of it. My little brother isn't very well, but he will soon be better, I hope. Papa is a minister. We take a great many papers, but the 'Messenger' seems to be the favorite to me. I go to school nearly every day, but these last two weeks I have had the mumps.

BLANCHE McL.

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178 Maisonneuve St., Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy fifteen years old. My grandfather lives at St. Canute, Que. He has a large and beautiful farm there. The 'North River' runs along about an acre back of the house. It is a very treacherous river, as you can go out a long way and the water is quite shallow, then all of a sudden it may drop to fifteen or twenty feet. The banks are always changing too, they are so sandy. My father used to have a sawmill on the other side of the river, in the parish of St. Columban. There are plenty of fine sugar-bushes all around there, and the soil is a very rich, sandy loam. I would like some boy to correspond with me who lives around Vancouver, B.C. My grandpa has taken the 'Witness' for a long time, and great-aunt has taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember. My grandpa says the 'Witness' is the best paper in Canada.

'COYOTE JIM.'

Mt. Albert, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Will you please tell me the answer of this riddle that I saw in the 'Messenger' about a year ago?

'A scripture character without a name
Who never to destruction came,
Who died a death ne'er died before,
Whose shroud is in every housewife's store.'

PEARL R.

The answer is Lot's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt for her disobedience, in looking back to the cities of the plain.—Cor. Ed.

East London, South Africa.

Dear Editor,—In looking through the 'Messenger,' which I have taken for the last two years, I have often read letters from different boys and girls, who have written to the 'Messenger,' but I have never seen any from South Africa, so I think I will make the start. I am a member of the Wesleyan Trinity Sunday-school, and also of the Junior Christian Endeavor. Many of the scholars of the Sunday-school take this paper, which they find very interesting. We have a very nice beach here, and if you were to see it at Christmas time, you would be surprised to see how many camp down there in tents. We also have a very nice river, and a steam launch goes up twice a week. I collect Pictorial Post Cards.

DAISY G.

We are very glad to hear from South Africa.—Cor. Ed.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Household Suggestions.

Moth protection is much more than half accomplished when a garment is brushed free from dust, stains, spots, and any soil removed, and every fold and seam scanned closely for a deposit of moth eggs. If it can be made sure that none of the latter are in the garment, it is easy and cheap to keep them out. Immediately on finishing the cleansing and inspecting treatment, slip the garment into a bag made of calico or muslin, that will hold it easily, and that has not the smallest break or tear. Close the opening by running the ends together in the sewing-machine, and lay away on a shelf or in a trunk, as preferred. A housekeeper who has kept blankets, furs, and clothing year in and year out in this way, here in moth-infested New York, gives this as her advice, after her long and successful experience. 'Sometimes,' she says, 'I dip a cloth in turpentine, and drop it in the bag with my blankets, and I always go over the closet shelves, or the trunk, or the bureau drawer in which I pack away this bagged clothing, etc., with a brush dipped in turpentine. For moths won't eat cotton or linen, and if you are very careful to keep them out of the garment till it is into the bag, they are out for the summer. Don't use cheesecloth for the bags; it is too sleazy. Use any clean firm cotton or linen material. Old pillow-cases that are not broken or work through anywhere are useful for the purpose. Many things accumulate in the house that may be used, light silesia dress-linings, faded chambray, percale, or linen dress skirts, and the like. I have such articles ripped and washed, and made into straight bags of various sizes. These accumulate in my linen closet ready for the spring packing away.'

'Something Worth Knowing.'

(Miss Laura E. Hutchinson, in the 'N. Y. Observer.')

Mrs. Wilbur did not keep 'help,' and when a friend came in during the hours when she was busy about her housework, she always invited them to her cheery kitchen. This winter morning she was making a salad for luncheon, and as she uncovered a large dish her caller exclaimed:

'Oh, how fresh and crisp that lettuce looks. You must have been to market this morning.'

'Indeed, I haven't,' was the prompt rejoinder, 'and, to tell you the truth, this lettuce has been in my cellar for a week or more.'

'It has!' came from the neighbor, in a tone of almost incredulity. 'Why, if it had been in my cellar that long it would be all wilted and dried up.'

'No, it wouldn't if it was taken care of as this has been,' was the laughing retort of the salad-maker.

'Well, I wish you would tell me the secret of it, for at this time of the year lettuce is so expensive that I cannot bear to throw away a single leaf, but when it is wilted of course it is utterly useless.'

'You are mistaken there, my friend,' said Mrs. Wilbur, as she deftly garnished her dish of salad with the crisp leaves. 'I often buy it when it is somewhat wilted, for then I can get it cheaper, and I know I can make it as fresh as new in twenty-four hours. As to the "secret," you are welcome to it, for it was by accident that I came into possession of it.' Then, as she washed the dishes that had been used in preparing the salad she continued: 'Last winter, when lettuce was a luxury, as it is now, we had more on one occasion than we could use at one meal, and so I put what was left in a large dish, sprinkled it with cold water, and carried it down and set it on the cement floor of our vegetable cellar where it would be cool. Then I turned a tub over it, and came away and forgot all about it. A week or more later I was in the cellar, and I happened to lift that tub. You may imagine my surprise to see a dish of lettuce as crisp as when the morning dew is on it.'

'And is that all you do to have it like this?' queried the listener, as she picked up a crinkly green leaf.

'Yes, that is all, but be sure and use a large dish so that the lettuce can have room to expand, and stand it up if you can. Do not sprinkle very much, and be sure it is covered air tight. Of course, if it is badly wilted nothing will revive it again, but when it droops it head and is not quite up to the mark, this process will freshen it every time. Last summed I heard a woman, who had met with reverses, mourning her inability to take ice, saying: "I would not mind if it were not that it is impossible without it to have nice crisp lettuce for the salads, of which we are extremely fond, and which nothing can take the place of."

'Then I told her that it was possible to have crisp lettuce in July, minus ice, and the how of it. Last fall she came to me saying, "I owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude for sharing your secret with me. We have not bought a pound of ice during the summer, but we never before had such nice crisp lettuce for salad." In the summer I most always pick it from the garden some hours before I want to use it, and cover in the way I have told you. It will come out fresher than when first it was picked.'

'Well, you have told me something worth knowing, and I am going right out and see if I can strike a bargain in wilted lettuce,' said the caller, as she rose to depart.

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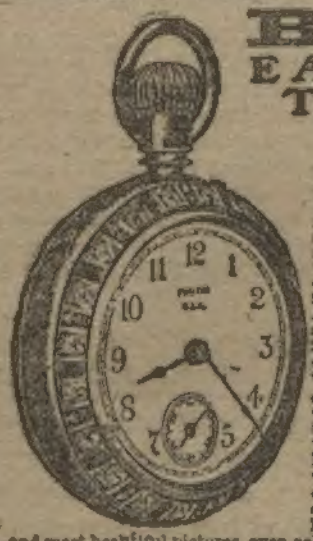
BOYS EARN THIS WATCH



With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 455, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

ARE YOU HUNTING

for health? Have you been BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH, first trying one course and then another, following the lead of others no wiser than thou, only to find that the game will not come within your range?

THE PLACE TO HUNT FOR rabbits is where rabbits ARE KNOWN TO EXIST; the place to HUNT for health is where HEALTH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO BE FOUND!

It is beating up the woods where NO QUARRY LURKS to hunt for health in a bottle of alcohol and sarsaparilla, or a package of senna and straw; it is only following the track and trail of hundreds of disappointed, tired and footsore hunters, many of whom have fallen by the wayside.

Let their experience, AS WELL AS THE EXPERIENCE OF SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS GUIDE YOU! Those who have hunted for health AND FOUND IT, are competent to tell WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND. Thousands of satisfied hunters say the ROAD LEADS TO VITÆ ORE, that the hunter for health, searching amid its subtle curative, healing and restorative properties, will not be disappointed.

If you have been using other treatments without the results that were promised and that you anticipated, THROW THEM AWAY and begin with this natural medicinal ORE! It will not fail you!

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
BY MAIL POSTPAID.

READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER:

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader who writes us mentioning **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,'** a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors, or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and, understand, we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, which there is nothing added to or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases, than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,'** if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1.00 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so, and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention **'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,'** so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

MOST REMARKABLE CURES.

No One Can Deny Its Merits or Refuse to Give It a Trial in the Face of the Wonderfully Prompt Results it Has Accomplished in These Cases.

READ WHAT THEY SAY.

Vitae-Ore has cured me completely of stomach trouble, from which I was a great sufferer for a long time, and it only took one package, the trial package, to bring about this remarkable change. I think Vitae-Ore is the grandest medicine ever offered to the public, and I will always praise it and never be able to speak too highly of it for what it has done for me. THOMAS RICHARDSON.
North Lancaster, Ontario.

Vitae-Ore has done wonders for me. I was a great sufferer from kidney trouble and doctored with several of the best doctors in Ontario and used five different kinds of kidney medicine without the least benefit. At last I decided to give Vitae-Ore a trial according to the terms of the trial offer, and am glad I did so, for my kidney trouble has now entirely disapeared and the lame back, resulting from it, is completely a thing of the past.
MRS. ANDREW MORPHY.
Oshawa, Ontario.

I had catarrh and liver trouble, but since taking Vitae-Ore I am entirely cured. I recommend V.-O. to all I meet.
Kinmount, Ont. ANNIE PADGET.

I have improved every day since I commenced to use Vitae-Ore and have gained ten pounds in one month's time. I can now sleep fine; feel like a new man. My complaint was rheumatism and Stomach Trouble. THOS. BRENNAN.
Aylmer, Que.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED!

☞ This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

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